

Chicago Speed

VOLUME 1 NUMBER 1



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CHICAGO SEED



The pale-faced Chicago Seed is really a group trip. It bubbles out from its crib at 837 N LaSalle Street, Chicago 60614. We're hoping it onto you like a bus. And if you're not on the bus, people are picking up on it and you can too—26 issues will be flipped out for you six monthly.
Seed's masthead is "The Chicago Seed," and until Friday on the north. Outside? You won't be uplifted if you receive a stamped self-addressed envelope.

We subscribe to LIP, LNS, and FRED. That's where it's at 337-3422
Mean business at 943-5240

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All around: the driver, See the calendar

Address letters to the editor.

Quote the first: "Major Daley "may not be a very sensitive mayor but he's got a croak." **HNN**

Quote the second: "Even at moments of extreme tension, when the editor of a column of opinion may not take sufficiently into consideration the differences between the position on the platform and the position on the editorial page, he is compelled to write a column to like a gag." Such an expression is called simile—the pointing out of the similarities in our feeling toward the people on the platform. **S.L. Haynes**, 1929

Quote the third: "We're all tired. I'd walk home the Cloves." **E. Veld**

Front cover is a picture of the Chicago police, who were the last to march in the protest march of Sept. 26th at Lake & Michigan just after 10:30. It shows officer Nicholas J. Miano, who was one of the leaders of peace and those who came out in support of it.

A poster is available lettered to SERVE & PROTECT. It features a black man in a white t-shirt. **Howard W. Fifer's** (Fifer's) poster.

Our back cover was done by J. Zelinski of Die Gaudi! "Let us forget."

John Walrus—good luck wherever you go.

HELPFUL #—CLIP & SAVE

Seed	837 N LaSalle	337-2622
Kaleidoscope	1876 N Halsted	672-7090
Second City	222 W Jackson	545-1200
Student Mag. —	5 E Clinton	230-1835
SDS	1628 W Madison	566-3074
Chicago Film Coop	162 E Clinton	544-3322
(Deceased)		
Print Coop	5710 N Clark	772-2129
Print Coop	533-3125	533-3125
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Health Center		
MD Clinic	27 E 24th	942-0222
Grace Church	505 W Webster	545-1022
(Inksway) —	1000 N Dearborn	446-4422
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Triangle Prod	121 E Congress	387-7165
Autumnfire Prod.	70 E Congress	322-2110
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Blue Plate Anti-Oil	519 W North	654-1111
My Friends Are You	407 S Dearborn	511-2323
AC's	47 E Clark	230-5962
Les West, Comin'	221 W Congress	561-2111
Po-Go	(request stat.)	W-2-1117
Foolish Energy	2210 S Roosevelt	PO-1-1113
Andy Warhol (Art)	210 W Harrison	563-0101
Cook City Pub	210 W Harrison	563-0100
Onibussman	88 106th, Chi 60660	744-2000

March 9, as we go to press -- The obnoxious chivvy against SKIDROW Park and Newmark and PERIN-PEDLER BARBERSHOP, Rahm for our feckless Xmas issue was today dismissed. A. Magistrate

Gerry's corner: "You know what the contractor in question was, don't you?"

RICHARD J. DALEY AND THE GRAND JURY PRESENT:

THE CON - SPIRO & SEE

WHIS An Unexpected Cost Of Thousand!!!

COMING SOON
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FEDERAL BUILDING

(Watch This Space)

R. S. V. P.

Exclusive! BEHIND THE YIPPIES' PLANS TO WRECK THE DEMOCRATS' CONVENTION

Robert L. Pfeiffer



COMMUNITY

PAGE 4

CHICAGO SEED

Long way from Utopia

Revolutionary Lesson #1. Don't rip off the brothers. Rip off the rich. Rip off the pigs. Rip off mom and dad. But don't rip off the brothers.

This is the year in which ne'ertheless takes strange directions. This is the year in which the street gangs of yesterday become the revolutionary gangs of today and lastly become the brothers of tomorrow. This is the year during which the community becomes parochialistic. This is the year in which Jews and blacks and Chicanos murder the Arab proverb "the enemy of my enemy is my friend."

Toddy (Marx 3rd) I sit in court awaiting the trial (including to make action) of Black Panther leader Fred Hampton. Fred Hampton is my brother. The other eight members of the black community for me entered the Sight Shop on North Avenue through a basement window. They had a gun and two knives. They took \$115. They raped two women, one a nineteen-year-old. They badly beat a third. They broke the ribs of one woman's husband. They slashed his chest. They terrorized nine people.

The Sight Shop is a model of how it should be, of what the "Aldertocracy" is all about. It is vital to the community. Who's community? Our community! Who are we? Those who wish a new order.

Every time someone lays down a "We want to be free from the Man" ray some honest citizen a book of statistics. Why not? It's all there. The murders, the rapes, the senseless assault on the innocent, and all the rest. Even the official society has misfits; those who lack the豪邁ness to live without rigid rules. Logic dictates that they must have their brutal energies held in check.

Men will always find it necessary to deal with the misfits who endanger the common good. That's why there are cops (and men will constantly seek to make the common good compatible with what is positive and beautiful). That's why there are revolutions.)

The time has come to show those who choose to disbelieve the validity of the ideal that it works not only in theory but in practice. The pigs who cut and maimed and raped the brothers and sisters at the Sight Shop have no place in the third world, in any world. They have no brothers. We impeach their right to existence in the wake of the coming newness.

We are a long way from Utopia.

Al Rosendal

DOCTOR STRANGELOVE AT THE BOARD OF HEALTH

OR

HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE FLU, LEAD POISONING, TUBERCULOSIS, PELLAGRA AND BEBS-BEBS

If you have ever traveled in and about the Ho! Bitcher you have doubtless come across beautiful bane-ners gall festooned in red, white and blue proclaiming "Chicago is Number One? Who is Number Two? Richard J. Daley, Mayor." Certainly there are many who wonder what Chicago is number one in. After diligent research, I have discovered that the signs are apparently referring to Infant Mortality. Yes, boys and girls, Chicago does more babies per birth than any other major city in the United States. Furthermore, according to the 1966 Vital Statistics of the United States, Chicago's black infant death rate exceeds the total death rate of any country in the Western world. Yes, that includes Guatemala, Nicaragua and Mexico. And furthermore, O believers in righteousness and the wisdom of city planners, the black infant death rate is rising, not falling, and the white infant death rate is not getting any better.

Infant mortality reflects only one aspect of the lousy state of public health in Chicago. Did you know that 16 babies died this year of lead poisoning? Lead poisoning is a totally preventable disease. Painters have not used lead paint for more than 20 years now because of its effects. There are city laws (let's hear it for law!) directed against slumlords who allow lead hazards to exist. The city has had 20 years to wipe out lead poisoning, but we lost 16 babies this year, most under three-years of age, for no reason at all. And those are only the deaths; no one will know how many children have become blind, mentally retarded or epileptic due to the negligence of the city inspectors.

Statistics? Here's a few other choice tidbits: Did you know that ten percent of the adults and nine percent of all children in the state of Illinois never receive any regular medical care? That means one million people in Illinois never get to see a doctor on a regular basis. Thirty-three percent of Illinois' children do not have a regular dentist. Chicago has no public ambulance service, and the police and fire department happen to be poor or undisciplined and need emergency services. You will see all probability end up at Harrison and Wood Streets even if you had a coronary in Flamingo or Marquette Park, your will in the County emergency room even if you were in the vicinity of two hours, and you might not get the best of care because County sees a mere 1200 patients in 24 hours, 800 of these are "seen and observed". That and a half times that of America's.

The people generally responsible for public health in Chicago are the members of the Board of Health. A few months ago, we lost our old Commissioner of Health, Snappy Sammy Ardineau. Some allege that the old fool did allow his cousin to run experimental vaccine tests on indigent patients without their knowing they were part of an experiment. And rumors has it that some of the research money found its way into Snappy Sammy's own pocket. At any rate, he resigned his office rather than face scandal, and the Mayor appointed the Assistant Health Commissioner, Mrs. O'Connell to take his place as a temporary health commissioner. Dr. O'Connell's principal qualification for taking the office seems to be the fact that he was Mayor Daley's family obstetrician.

Dr. Morgan will also be remembered as the man who claimed that there was no flu epidemic in Calcas-pee. He also is the one who gave the small amount of flu vaccine the city had to Bell Telephone Co. Instead of the aphasiacs. Those are his qualifications. Dr. Eric Oldberg, President of the Chicago Board of Health threatened to resign if Morgan was made permanent commissioner. Also, the Chicago Medical Society (the total arm of the AMA!) has issued petitions calling for Morgan's removal.

Part of the problem in getting a decent Commissioner has to do with the state of the Health Dept. itself. It is hopelessly overburdened with political hacks. At the Child Welfare stations, registered nurses are forced to do clerical work because the ward captains and precinct chiefs who are given these jobs tend to be canavassing the polls rather than doing what they are paid to do. County Hospital closes on Election Day. Mayor Daley claims to be setting up a search committee to find a new Commissioner. However, no searching seems to have been done yet. Even if this evanescent group comes up with a man, maybe even granting the possibility of a miracle—a competent man he would not be able to accomplish anything anyhow as long as the Board remains as corrupt as it is. The example of James Redmond trying to work with the Chicago Board of Education bears this out.

The obvious point is that Chicago will not get a decent Health Commissioner as long as present conditions exist. Any man who values his integrity, and wants to make a difference in this city like a hot potato.

On Sunday March 2, Latin American Defense Organization, Mother Power and the Black Consortium under MCIO leadership, a meeting was held of community leaders at the U. of L. Medical Center Union on Sunday March 2, Latin American Defense Organization, Mother Power and the Black Consortium were a few of the groups represented at the meeting. Committees were formed to develop community support for the reform of the Health Dept. A permanent office for consolidation of activities is being set up. The support of all citizens from all parts of the city will be needed to bring pressure on the Mayor's office to give Chicago the kind of Health Commissioner, Health Dept., and health facilities it needs before the whole town becomes indistinguishable from the Chicago River.

Leo Pardus

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ALTERNATE SOCIETY

You take a walk down Fullerton Avenue, past post private property. You cross Clark Street, casting a half-beary look up the block to check if Urban Renewal has eaten Frans's Restaurant. You pass the high-rises and reach the wife open space just off the lake. A right brings you to the greenhouses.

There already there are a bit shocked to see a mass of serpentine hair swirl into their suction saucer-torus. They are somewhat upset by the Electronic Music for the Mind and Body streaming out of the 30-story, hot electric-acoustic guitars and smiles and kisses are infectious, and their vibrations shift through curtains like tiny octopuses.

American as can be. They like Country Joe and the Fish. They like the first album better than the second than the third. Don't you? What happened to Country Joe and the Fish? America happened to Country Joe and the Fish. Americans know that. Do you think they like to live inside a building?

In the spring, a young freak's fancy turns to thoughts of a Free City. Last year, friends begin again, a switchboard, a condominium company, a Hip Joe Co-op. They are all gone. Co-op Dave is warned for alleged subversion, C.C. Dennis saw a lot of friends beaten and a few killed. Some of those friends were flowers. We all had a few of our flowers gassed and crushed to death. Some of the ameicans are wearing black strimbands. Americans go naked in a Free City.

The Digger Papers suggest a minimum number of organizations that can act in concert to construct a Free City. Some of these things already exist in Chicago. Support them. Others need to be created. Create them. What is the goal of a Free City? The goal is to allow every brother and sister to have what he needs to do everything.

Let us understand what a Free City is about: It is a loose confederation of Free Cities, a loose competitive underground composed of groups whose aims overlap, conflict, and generally generate the desired pool of autonomy... Free Cities are composed of Free Families who establish and maintain services that provide a basis of freedom for autonomous groups to carry out their programs without having to皓se for food, printing facilities, transportation, mechanics, money, housing, working space, clothes, machinery, trucks, etc. (Digger Papers)

Let us understand what is required:

Each service should be performed by a tight gang of brothers (and sisters) whose commitment should enable them to handle an overload of work with ability and enthusiasm. Trippers soon get bored, hopefully before they cause an economic strain. (Digger Papers) cont'd on p. 67

An eight-by-ten glossy of Lawrence Welk and His Champagne Music Makers hangs on the wall of the manager's office at the Aragon Ballroom. Next to it, pressed behind a yellowed pane, is a photo of a 1943 Victory Bond celebration held at the Aragon. Twenty-six years later, 1969, 800 young people roam, sit, and dance on the ballroom floor while the Joe Kelly Blues Band, a quintet, fills the room with declaims which Cab Calloway's 25-man band could not have achieved.

This is the Revolution. Bell-bottoms and longhair replace soft suits and periques. A hip-flask of pot, lonely-girl and horny-boy faces. The matador dance replaced by macabreous cardinums.

The Aragon is full of ghosts and the present dentists eschew their gowns. No rush home to listen to Amos 'n' Andy, but a color television set is provided in the lobby. The lady in the checkroom has been there since Ish Kabibble first sang Hippy-Hippy-Boo. The manager still uses the double-entry book-keeping system: Receipts are receipts and there is nothing new under the sun.

Native revolutionaries believe that this is THE Revolution. The newly-expanded minds, music and media bespeak of a new phenomena which will change the world. John the Baptist believed that too. Revolution at the Aragon—the MCS all got laid by revolutionary groups and \$400 was stolen from John Sinclair's safe case by revolutionary thieves.

And the beat goes on. "The Man can't bust our music." Aretha Franklin and Ray Charles, on record for the first time, making soul sounds for Coca-Cola. A skinny Jewish kid singing like Howlin' Wolf. And there is no new thing under the sun.

What is happening now is NOT THE Revolution which will change all the stupidities around and within us. Revolution is an ongoing process; it is forever reforming and reconstituting.

The Preacher of Ecclesiastes said, "All is vanity and a seeking after wind." Bob Dylan said, "the answer is blowin' in the wind."

I went back to the Aragon manager's office and looked at Lawrence Welk's photo again. Suddenly, I was eighties and it was the year 2014. The hand looked the same, but the photo-caption had changed: "Thursday Night Golden-Age" Dance--Frank Zappa and His Arapaho Gold Star Mothers." Marshall Rosenthal

Seattle—The Jones Cotton Blues Band is broke after playing to 5,000 of the most enthusiastic fans ever to crowd into the Eagles Ballroom two nights running. The \$2300 that Cotton got for the gig was lost outside Eagle's along with the band's two saxophones... Cotton had to borrow money to get home. (Hello)

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the seed

dinosaur culture

How insignificant that the air we breathe is allegedly being polluted by nuclear testing, industrial waste and the automobile! How insignificant when compared to the evils of self-pollution.

Self-pollution is as it is caused by medical writers, musicians or manufacturers. It is also by the worst form of pollution for several reasons.

Whereas pollution of the air is non-disseminating in respect to whom it self-pollutes, it is most insidious for it concentrates its effect on the young. It is wholly unnatural and in every respect does violence to nature. The mental action, and the power of the imagination on the genital organ, forcing a vital stimulation of the parts, which is reflected over the whole nervous system, are exceedingly intense and injurious and consequently the reciprocal influences between the brain and the genital organs become extremely powerful, irresistible and destructive. The general, prolonged and rigid tension of the mind, resulting from the various forms of nerves and violence, in itself, the consciousness effort and concentrated energy of all the powers of the human system to this single forced effect cause the most intense irritation, violence, exhaustion and debility to the system.

That there are Americans who treat lightly the consummate indulgence of self-pollution, while mortally dwelling on the relatively uneventful effects of air-pollution is not surprising. We could readily quote equally high authorities who see great dangers in the use of marijuana, LSD and illicit narcotics.

We have pooh-pooh air-pollution. It is a subject that most self-polluters would like to ignore in the prior self-pollution can be compared?

First and most essential, is the RUBINITY OF MIND. All exciting literature, all indecent conversations, all lascivious exhibitions must be totally renounced. Next, all stimulating food and drink, especially coca-cola and martinis, must be dropped. The mind and body both must be constantly and ardently employed, the sleep never prolonged, the bed hard, the covering light, and the habits of saving, stirring and competing as much broken as practicable. Generally the temptation comes at some particular hour, or under some especial and well-known circumstances. For example, when the student appears on television, extrovert projections must be taken to occupy the thoughts with serious subjects to destroy the old associations and opportunities.

There are also medical means which can be employed in some cases with good success, such as the administration of substances which destroy desire, and local applications, and even surgical operations which render the action physically impossible.

Self-pollution is the real contemporary problem. To the crusading anti-air-pollutionists we say: REMOVE THINE EYE FROM THE SKY AND LOOK TO THE HAND IN YOUR PANTS!!!

Prof. Leonard R. Flits

WEEKEND VISITORS(BISEXUAL) TO CHICAGO INTERESTED IN MEETING PEOPLE FOR ACTIVITIES IN THE CITY--MALE OR FEMALE--15-32
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SAURON VISITS GANDALF

Part I-Black eyed Susan

Fifteenth District Chicago Police raided Doc Gandalf's General Store Feb. 17 because of an alleged sale of marijuana. The 16 persons in the store were arrested.

The Boys in Blue claim that a "confidential agent" had made an appointment to buy a nickel-tag from a "male negro". The agent went into the store with a marked five-dollar Bill and after supposedly making the purchase he left. Immediately thereafter, the fuzz walked in and grabbed Bill McKinney, 13, the only "male negro" in the store. Everyone was searched and arrested.

Doc Gandalf's manager, Jack Ryckman, was found to be "holding" a pill which one brilliant cop swore was a "downer". Another officer swore it was a "downer". In fact, Jack is a diabetic and also had been recently released from the hospital after having had a leg partially amputated. The gallant men of the 15th had confiscated his prescription medicine. Ryckman was jailed and his pills were not returned. He was charged with possession of a Schedule II drug, which carries a maximum sentence of public ministrance, and failure to display the corporation's non-profit status charter. Bond was set at \$5,000.

"Male negro" Bill McKinney was charged with possession and sale of marijuana. The surly-tailed Princess of Peace worked themselves into an orgasmic frenzy in their efforts to locate their marked green. They could find neither the green nor the giddy-bug of dope. They then claimed that Bill must have "eaten the bill or had his girlfriend flush it down the toilet." Considering the fact that no one knew that there was going to be a bust until the cops were already in the store, Bill had at most 15 seconds to swallow the money. And without keeling!

Bill-dope-peevet-malesego Bill is the 1968 JCC Citizen of the Year, an honor student, and president of the Orr High School student council. But Bill McKinney is also black.

Part II-Pork Blossoms

On Feb. 23, a plainclothes "off-duty" cop with a .45 automatic in his shoulder-holster visited the store several times. He was apparently quite intoxicated [juice, of course] and was also seen running down the street waving his rod like a loaded mule-skinner in Dodge City. After his fifth visit we closed the store and began a search for planned dope. None was to be found. When we reopened the store the cop reappeared.

Jack Ryckman asked to see his gun permit and ID. The cop flashed a Chicago Police ID that gave his name as "Zobinski, Badge #158". A later check by us revealed Zobinski to be from the Fillmore District.

Officer Zobinski #158 left about a half-hour later and a half-smoked joint was found in a crack of the table he was sitting at. Chicago Sun-Times newsmen came moments later and photographed the joint before we disposed of it. Although several squad cars were in front of the store, no bust followed.

While "Super Dick" Frank Nardil is seeking a Grand Jury indictment against Jack and Bill, a local radio group and the Chicago Town Hall Assembly has passed a resolution calling for an investigation of the store, its members, and their "after-hours activities". Doc Gandalf's has been subject to daily visits by the feds who fill out endless "field report cards" which are used to serve and protect, & if anything, they will the young of writer's cramp.

Roger Schell for Doc Gandalf



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ALTERNATE ALTERNATE ALTERNATE ALTERNATE ALTERNATE

ONE WHO SPEAKS "OBJECTIVELY" SPEAKS IN PARANOID HALLUCINATIONS.

The act of obedience is only possible when the self is alienated from the self. This "repressive," "armoring," "maya." Call it what you will. The word is not the thing. The menu is of the meal. The act of obedience is a function of coding, of an information matrix without self-regulation...

All creation begins with the very first act of obedience. With each repeated act of obedience, the self becomes less and less able to be its own motor, less able to motivate action, hence existentially less "real..."

Sir Arthur Eddington described entropy as "time's arrow." It is because of entropy that the universe has states distinguishable as "before" and "after." Travel in time thus becomes a matter of manipulating entropy and negentropy.

Negentropy has been shown by Claude Shannon to be mathematically identical with information. The amount of information is the negentropy of the message.

A civilization is an information matrix. A tribe is an information matrix. Valid information in the tribe is oral, and a tribal matrix is acoustic. Valid information in a civilization is written and actioned-by a priesthood or by state official; a civilized matrix is visual.

In a tribal-aesthetic matrix, time is cyclical and people are spell-bound, inside the big heart of the repeated sacred chant.

In the literate-visual matrix of civilized man, time is linear and goes on and on forever, like time is linear and goes on and on forever, like time is linear and goes on and on forever, like the line of type which can be endlessly duplicated, the line of type which can be endlessly duplicated, the line of type which can be endlessly duplicated.

Time-travel is commonplace among tribal peoples and hardly occurs in comment. "Oh, Xipol went back to visit the Ancestors last Tuesday."

"Yeah, he was always one for guiding about."

Literate man contorts the concept of time-travel to first- and science-fiction. Like other voyages outside the space-time-ego game, he does it only in his sleep. If it happens by accident while he is awake, his first thought is, "Call the doctor, I'm going psycho."

The war against LSD is really a war against telepathy and time-travel, both of which are incompatible with hierarchical, literate, authoritarian government.

YOU ARE NOT ALLOWED TO STEP OUTSIDE THE FRAMEWORK WHICH HAS BEEN OFFICIALLY DESIGNATED AS "REALITY" BECAUSE THIS GIVES THE WHOLE GAME AWAY.

"REALITY" IS MERELY SOCIETY'S NAME FOR THE SUM TOTAL OF ALL ITS VARIOUS PARANOID HALLUCINATIONS. The illustration of the separate "nation." The hallucination of the separate "race." The hallucination of the separate "ego." The hallucinations of Euclidean space and Newtonian time.

Even iron, the usual symbol of "hard," "objective," "reality" is now revealed as part of a process, one three-dimensional cross-section of a four-dimensional event, a particular structure of energy midway between the primal core and the ultimate void.



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STATE & CHESTNUT



A serious young man found the conflicts of mid-twentieth century America confusing. He went in many places seeking a way of resolving within himself the discord that troubled him, but he remained troubled.

One night in a coffee house, a self-ordained Zen Master said to him, "Go to the dilapidated mansion you will find at this address which I have written down for you. Do not speak to those who live there; you must remain silent until the moon rises tomorrow night. Go to the large room on the right of the main hallway, sit in the long position on top of the rabbit in the northeast corner, face the corner, and meditate."

He did as the Zen Master instructed. His meditation was frequently interrupted by worries. He worried whether or not the rest of the plumbing fixtures would fall from the second floor bathroom to join the pipes and other trash he was sitting on. He worried how would he know when the moon rose on the next night. He worried about what the people who walked through the room said about him.

His worrying and meditation were disturbed when, as if in a test of his faith, ordure fell from the second floor onto him. At that time two people walked into the room. The first asked the second who the man sitting there was. The second replied, "None say he is a holy man. Others say he is a shithead."

Hearing this, the man was enlightened.

John A. Overton

FLAPJACK HAMLOCKS

BY PAUL SIMONSON



SPEED FORUM



OR AGAINSTUM

My Amphetamine Primer

My friend Johnny takes amphetamines. "Speed", as he would say. After several weeks of seeing Johnny run around the house, I got curious as to what was in those little white tabs and crystals. I set out to find out what speed-ing was all about.

It seems that speed does its work in that part of the nervous system located in the brain. Up there in the cranium, apparently, there are two opposing systems, the arousal system and the inhibitory system. The arousal system keeps you alert and the inhibitory system puts you to sleep. The arousal system works on certain chemicals, notably epinephrine and norepinephrine. These chemicals transmit impulses in the neural pathways and act upon the neural receptors. Amphetamine, like its heart, has a chemical structure very similar to epinephrine and norepinephrine. Like them, it stimulates the neural receptors. Speed also has a direct effect in making the neural receptors more receptive to stimuli. Normally, the body maintains a balance between the arousal system and the inhibitory system. Speed, by stimulating the arousal system, upsets this balance, and, in the process, makes Johnny more awake.

When Johnny is speeded, then, his nervous system is in higher gear, his pupils dilate, his digestion is inhibited, and his arteries constrict, making his blood pressure rise.

What are the effects of simple biological changes? What does speed do to Johnny's feelings and behavior? He becomes emotionally excited, due in some way to the increased activity of the arousal system. If he has taken a small dose, his ability to learn will be enhanced. If he's done a high dose, however, this capacity will be terribly impaired. Should Johnny indulge in athletics, he will find the same to be true. A low dose helps, a high dose hinders.

What about creativity? Johnny claims that he's more creative when he's speeded. Johnny to the contrary, current evidence indicates that one is less creative when under the influence of amphetamines. Normal brain waves vary in amplitude (height) far more than the waves of a speeder. It is these peaks and valleys that are generally correlated with abstractive thought and creativity, while EEG (electroencephalogram) waves of constant amplitude seem to depict emotional excitement, tension, and anxiety. Think of your stereo and how it sounds before and after you flick the boost switch that cuts out the highs and lows. If this appraisal is true, then the swirls and whorls associated with methedrine art might be the result of rigidity—or at least the intense investigation of one level of consciousness—rather than any type of expanded psyche.

Chronic amphetamine users experience additional effects. They are continuously awake, have little or no appetite, are talkative, hyperactive and disorganized, and have an increased sexual appetite (orgasm is delayed). Each time Johnny or one of his friends shoots up to get those ecstatic flashes, they drain their supply of neural transmitting substance. This is why dosage (the amount needed to get off) increases during a run.

Chronic speeders of unstable mind run the risk of a temporary psychotic episode. Continuous use of amphetamines is known to produce paranoid-schizophrenic breaks in persons of tenuous sanity. These episodes probably are due to the incorporation of dream material into a state of continuous wakefulness. In other words, the safety valve of dreams continues to function, but the dream-stuff has no place to go except into the stream of consciousness.

The danger of such confusion should not be under-rated. Most of the "acid accidents" that received so much publicity were actually due to amphetamine use. Speed-induced psychoses are different from acid dissociatives in that they are virtually indistinguishable from clinical malfunctions. Fortunately, time and withdrawal restore some balance.

Both speed and endurance are flukes. Sooner or later Johnny has to come down. When he does he will have very little neural transmitter left, and it will be weeks before his arousal system is back to normal. Until then he will be tired and depressed, since he is short on norepinephrine.

Unlike heroin, speed is not biologically addictive. However, users may become psychologically dependent on a continued supply. Then why is it that millions of Americans take amphetamines per doctor's prescriptions? The answer is that speed can be useful in combating chronic depression, obesity, fatigue, alcoholism, narcolepsy (the craving of sleep), and nausea due to pregnancy. Unfortunately, far too many physicians fall to rap sheet psychological dependence, increased tolerance, and non-pharmacological treatments.

All types of speed are basically similar, differing mainly in intensity and the level of activity. Sensitivity also varies from person to person. Some may be more sensitive to one kind than to another; people with thyroid conditions are usually especially susceptible.

Speed is not the only drug to work on the arousal/inhibitory complex. LSD stimulates the system to create peaks of effect, and mescaline is also an analogue to epinephrine and norepinephrine. STP (100 times stronger than speed) acts by removing the blocks put up by the inhibitory centers while increasing arousal activity.

I used to speed occasionally until I found that pleasure today isn't worth a hammer head tomorrow. Some people have reached more drastic conclusions. If the article in the late San Francisco Express Times calling for the destruction of speed, math labs, and works is any indication, I made my decision. Please think about yours.

Mike Abrahams

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QUEBEC LIBERATION FRONT BOMBS STOCK-MARKET:

In the eighth Quebec bombing of the year, the Quebec Liberation Front dynamited the Montreal Stock Exchange Feb. 13th. Twenty-seven were injured and damages ran to \$1 million. The Front stands for anti-imperialist struggle against all Canadians exploiting Quebec. (LNS)

AND THE FLAG WAS STILL THERE:

Palo Alto SDS members raised the Viet Cong flag over the local post office that month. The flag resisted right-wingers' attempts to tear it down and was brought down at last only by the local fire truck. (LNS)

INDIANA OBSCENITY OVERTURNED

A panel of federal judges has ruled part of Indiana's obscenity law unconstitutional, warned Hammond police about harassing shopkeepers, and declared Chicago KALEIDOSCOPE no obscene. The decision followed the arrest of a shopkeeper who sold Kaledoscope. (LNS)

MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE

CBS research laboratories in New York are allegedly developing a super-spy camera for aerial reconnaissance work under a Defense Department contract. The camera works by sending down laser beams which are scanned for variations in intensity after they reflect up from the ground. (LNS)

STANDARD STRIKE: STUDENT-WORKER ALLIANCE

The strike against the Richmond, California refinery of Standard Oil has begun to bring about an alliance between Berkeley and SF State students and the striking workers. Students have manned picket lines with workers and have disrupted company sales meetings in the anticipated delight of many of the strikers. (LNS)

MORE OIL

Union Oil company, which brought you last month California oil slick (the one that killed all the birds) has done it again. Another well-boiled and an eight-mile oil slick is covering the Pacific waters of Southern California.

CUBAN EQUALITY

Cuba has instituted a new plan to ensure that all persons have an equal opportunity to purchase consumer goods. Under the new Plan St. Germain, those persons who presently have the fewest goods will be given priorities in purchasing new goods. It has been found that some people spend their time queuing up for consumer products while others, who are busy working, get fewer goods. It is hoped that all will have an equal share of Cuba's wealth under the new system. (LNS)

BIG BOO MAILING

Both New York and Los Angeles have seen anonymous mass (30,000 in each city) mailing of marijuana in the past two weeks. Each of the 60,000 envelopes contained a joint and a marijuana fact sheet. Sources and quality of the grass are not yet known.

THE RADICAL JESUS IS WINNING: Every Wednesday at McCormick chapel 800 W Beider, the Rev. Jonathan Tuttle will be giving services in celebration of the Liberated Zion. 7:30pm



RADACHTOS

HARASSMENT OF YOUNG LORDS CONTINUES

Police harassment of Cha-Cha Jimenez has not slowed down despite community opposition to the harassment as expressed at a recent meeting between police and 18th district community members. Two days after the meeting, Cha Cha was in the car of a friend and when stopped for a minor traffic violation and let go was suddenly surrounded by two more squad cars, searched, and ordered to the police station. At the station, Cha Cha made a call and 80 people from the meeting arrived at the station very quickly. Numerous nervous officers soon released the two "suspects".

The following day, Feb 14, a car with Cha-Cha and other Young Lords members stopped in the street for no reason. They searched the car and confiscated a map. Two days later the same thing happened again. The cops seem to want a war. (FRED)

GREENING CALLS FOR DRAFT RESISTANCE

Former Senator Ernest Gruening has called on America's youth to resist the draft and go to jail. "I want to see thousands of young men refuse to go—until they have so many of them they've filled the jails," Gruening said. (LNS)



POLICE SCORECARD

This week's police scorecard shows four cops fired and two suspended. The discharges were due to relations with criminals and bouncing checks, the suspensions were for "selling guns illegally" and "willfully maiming a citizen." Another policeman has been charged with the aggravated battery of a citizen. (FRED)

BLACK STUDIES VOTED AT ROOSEVELT

The Council of the College of Arts and Sciences at Roosevelt University has voted to establish a Black studies degree program which will be developed into a full department.

BLACK GI'S HARASSED

Black soldiers at Fort Jackson, South Carolina, have met with arrests and harassment in their attempts to conduct political discussions. Meetings to discuss the Vietnam War and to illustrate to tapes of Malcolm X have been broken up, organizers have been arrested, and one soldier is being tried for refusing to go to bed, although he was already in bed. (LNS)

ACID BABIES

The debate over the significance of sometimes-detected chromosome damage produced by LSD still continues unresolved. The latest reports, from a scientist at George Washington University, bode poorly for mothers who have taken acid. Twenty-two aborted embryos of

women who had taken LSD were examined. Five showed a definite fault—failure of the neurocranium to close. The usual rate of this abnormality is said to be less than five per thousand in aborted embryos. (LNS)

YOUNG PATRIOTS FIGHT MODEL CITIES

A meeting of the Uptown Model Cities Planning Council ended in an uproar February 13 as hundreds of community residents led by the Young Patriots sought to shout down a city plan to tear down more housing in Uptown. The Young Patriots are an organization of militant Southern white youth in Uptown.

The home of contention at the meeting was the report of the housing subcommittee, which had met on Monday evening. Few community people attended the subcommittee meeting because they had been told there would be no vote. But then the subcommittee voted to approve the city-sponsored plan over the Bank Williams Village proposal drawn up by community residents. Bank Williams Village would be a model low-income housing complex named in honor of the late Southern singer. The city is seeking to destroy the housing of Southern whites, Latins, and Indians in order to build a junior college. (FRED)

PREVENTIVE DETENTION

Preventive detention of "dangerous" defendants has been authorized by the New York State criminal code. Preventive defendants considered to be habitual criminals or a danger to society would simply be denied bail under the new plan.

APARTHEID SPREADING

South Africa has announced plans to introduce apartheid into its illegally-claimed territory of South West Africa. The South African whites plan to exploit SW Africa for its mineral wealth, several American companies are also investing in South West Africa.

In protests against apartheid, 150 demonstrators turned out in New York to show their opposition to the landing planes granted South African Airways by the Johnson administration. (LNS)

YOUTH SUMMED OUT

February was a horror for the under-thirty set. The closings in the Wyoming State Senate amended a bill calling for sixteen-year-old voting to specify that males 18s and 20s have salaries that "bear up to military standards" while the unicameral Nebraska legislature removed "military" which provides for suspension from college for any drug convict. Adding insult to injury, the Civil Aeronautics Board accepted for review a recommendation by one of its Examiners that would, if accepted, end youth fares as discriminatory.

THE HEARTLAND AND THE TUBE

Midle America has been sending nasty letters to CBS about the Smothers Brothers Show. Whether you see the show as an agent of radicalization or just laugh a lot, it might help to send a letter of support to the Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour, 7820 Beverly Blvd., LA 90036.



Chicago SIXTH OF JANUARY

THE GOOF

Queens College, N.Y. -- President Joseph P. McMurray was really pleased when some 100 demonstrators occupied a building and took over the campus radio station. He was pleased because he says he wasn't invited. The insurgents -- Irish Revolutionaries interested in Scholastic Help (I.R.H.S.), -- demanded to know "why Queens College isn't in the St. Patrick's Day Parade?" and further demanded that kelly-green ID cards replace the standard drab white, orange and yellow ones.

On a campus which has felt the angry frustration of the Newark and Puerto Rican minorities, such demands as the establishment of an exchange program with Dublin University, turning St. Paddy's Day into a school holiday and the admission of 300 "deserving, underprivileged and grateful Irish students" will probably be received with a laugh on the basis of stupidity and bad taste. Or as President McMurray said, "In the same sense that they were offered in a spirit of good cheer."

Penn State (Guardian) -- SDS has given an ultimatum to the administrators of Penn State: submit or else. 400 students seized the administration building while 600 held a rally outside. They want acceptance of black student demands, elimination of military recruiting on campus, an end to credit for ROTC and the lifting of a ban on the school's underground newspaper. Leftists and rigolists collided at the university when SDSers tried to take down an American flag.

MAO VS. MALT

(BEED Wire Service) -- Kansas State University still hung over the controversial question of whether or not best (a major psychological) should be served on that campus.

Says Bill Bigerstaff, Grand Bland of the highly militant S.P.A.S.M. (Society for the Prevention of Asinine Student Movements) following their recent "Milk-in" -- "Three glasses a day is enough for anybody."

THE GUTS

Academics in America is alive. Revolt, both major and minor, has engulfed all of her children. There ain't no such thing as a minor revolt. No one, not even Polk U. is exempt. The envisioned tomorrow has become the reality of today, and the flames will cleanse us of the impurities.

San Francisco State -- The Movement called it the "Miami Strike." Reagan calls it a disgrace. Whatever you label it, SF State is the prototype-'69' for campus insurgency.

Madison (LNS) -- The student strike at the University of Wisconsin, Madison has ended. The strike steering committee ended the action, involving at times as much as 70 percent of the student body, as "anger for the Governor's move of calling up 2200 National Guard were off and the strike lost steam."

One opinion as to why the strike fizzled was that "a movement based on liberal guilt was doomed from the co-ex. Constituency meetings were always hung up on tactics.... We hesitated to be overly dogmatic about the necessity for political discussions because of the frequent charges that the strike was being manipulated by white radicals. The strike did succeed in the sense that power was exerted on the campus by a core group of students, based simply on the justice of the black demands. The thirteen demands revolved around the establishing of a black studies department.

Berkeley (Guardian) -- The student strike at the University of California, Berkeley has moved from a series of militant demonstrations involving 200 to 300 students to pitched battles with police involving several thousand.

By the end of the fifth week of the strike, Gov. Reagan had called the National Guard to Berkeley, where they awaited further orders just blocks from the campus.

The regents voted 13-3 to suspend immediately any student believed to have violated campus regulations during a state of emergency. The campus is now in an officially proclaimed state of emergency.

After five weeks, 144 arrests had been made, 26 of them involving felony charges.

CAMPUS ESPIONAGE TO CHECK SDS; PANTHERS

(LNS) -- The news that nearly every state university and all of the Big Ten schools have enlisted members of the Parasite Rifles (described as an elitist private organization of only the most enthusiastic ROTC members), an apolitical against SDS and the Panthers leads us to wonder if the new James Bond Corps can match the antiseptic of those inept sumits -- the Chicago Red Squad.

An order signed by Major Cockson (that's right, "COCKSON"), a journalism major at the University of Nebraska which is National Headquarters for the PR's, was enclosed "SUBJECT: Subversive Propaganda." The order instructed "All Regiments" to "forward all information and published material of SDS, the Panthers and other local subversive organizations to National Headquarters."

The regimental headquarters are to instruct all 128 companies on campuses across the country to comply with Cockson's "request". There are 7,000 troops in the companies.

This comic endeavor to get SDS is apparently the result of Princeton ROTC's falling physical stature. SDS beat 'em in a recent football game.

KIM FOWLEY OUTRAGEOUS



kim fowley is the ultimate underground animal...is the revolution...
is a fourth dimensional farce...kim fowley is outrageous. LP12423

The original role of a reporter was to be an objective observer of events and an impartial recorder of them. The "New Journalism" of the underground press, Mailer, et al allowed the reporter to be a partisan. Some, myself included, have tried to extend this idea and become a participant and even an instigater. It is making me crazy.

In my stories I respectfully and modestly define to add "this is what is happening to my head" or "this is what is happening to me." There is what I think is happening. . . ." Maybe I feel like I'm going different than the other bodies going ("I sure the situation is making me crazy. It is making us all crazy, but we're all individuals with different acts of circumstances . . ."); maybe I feel exactly the same, which civilians do to save anything from the point of "I" ("we're we're all going crazy come all this. We know this, . . ."). Or maybe I'm the only one freaking out. So maybe all three, anyway. It's just had form, so fuck it.

KING RONG, LTD.

In past articles I've come down hard on government for blowing it in Washington, at the *CIA*, and now in *Madoff*. This has pissed off a lot of people. I'm not surprised. It's right there in the *Revolutions* of the "You Fucked Up?" series! Everywhere around the country dognat the *Wall Street Journal* of *U.C.* and was truly abashed by the complete collapse of *Peregrine* according to *Newsweek*'s *new* York *new*s. People are reading that things were going down elsewhere, but the people in the *Administrative Building* at *U.C.* seem to think it's unique to *Madoff*. They seem to think that the rest of the *Globe* and *Times* didn't. They leave that the whole thing is a *face-out* and was breaking up their heads at *U.C.* and that *Wall Street Journal* was giving *all* placed places in the *Campbell* *Investigating Committee*. So what do I, a self-taught "New Journalist"? What do I tell the people out there, "Well, you're a *face-out* and destroy another *slacker* day, *Wall Street Journal*!"

Well folks, I had my own chance to fuck up and survey the results. I went back to my old school Good Morning, the University of Iowa. By an odd coincidence, Tom Hayden was the featured

Speaker at a Student Power Conference that very day, I was determined to turn the conference into a meeting to discuss what we could not help but know would be the most important issue of the day. I had been on stage and took a place on the podium just before it got underway. There was the Student Body President, straight from a Walgreen's advertisement; the General Dean of Academic Affairs (the leading candidate for the University Presidency); the founder, the program director at the U's radio station; and the moderator of a panel on a New University Conference program. I'd end my story on the way to social democracy type and a crazy with beard and Monolithic type.

Hayden gave Look What's Happening speech #5, which was well-received by the school's SDS contingent (SDS at the U of I had a "proper" line-up, including a black power contingent from a nearby factory). As the panel concluded its session, I seized the podium, fought off the moderator's insults, suffered P.L. accusations of go-tripping, and, with my mind still a little jarred from an all-night drive from Chicago, announced that I was leaving. I left the room, I left out of town clothes only in a cloak of darkness. I huddled for five hours, then decided that they hated the Living Theater too, was in good company. "Dare to struggle..."

"Now City, a week ago today, was holding its annual legislative session. Mrs. Bayne is about an evening speech made at a Student Conference that had been Tom Hayden. It seems that there were six state legislators in the audience who were so impressed by his speech they played it back in the State Capitol. So 32 of 61 senators (automatic majority) sponsored bills to screen all speakers on state campuses ("They're dangerous"), like Tom Hayden, Harry Belafonte, and others. The bills have been signed off and all students and first- and faculty members employed in parking lot "disturbances" (now we are famous for highest interpretation words in the country) will be suspended from school. Earlier in the month the Regents "brought" their place of ideas liberal President Howard Krown as "Baldwin's boy," he was an economic adviser to the Baldwin administration, who was complainant of "left wing and liberal activity" on campus, situated the bill as "unconstitutional."



or of the dead chicken

merica really doesn't give a shit if we get our balls cut off in Vietnam. Chinese, Indians, Africans and many, many others, some white, all living there across from Doris Day. 94% of the people live with only 10% of the wealth. You go for your green, I write poems, we walk. I hope I'm in heaven when it happens.

DEAR DR., PLEASE HELP ME, I'

So I'm going out of my skull. I've gone to over one side action that's gone down in this hambugerland of a country. At Madison kids would go to the 10:30 and 11:30 classes and picket in between. 7,000 students, then 15,000, took to the streets...to demonstrate...at night, when there were very few open classrooms... It was the revolution as practical joke.

People are roaming around the campus, breaking odds and ends, as I write this. My fellow revolutionaries are becoming my excuse for becoming a better writer.

she had been born in the north shore of Lake Ontario. Her Grandpa had been a chicken farmer in this country ever since he came from Poland. That mysterious prince called King Alfred happened. She was one of the striking girls at May Day. The girls were to be judged. A time-motion study could be conducted which would show that people would have to conduct a man's work in 10 minutes. The girls were to be judged as to how well they could come to the meet. The white horse the Cleveland metting won 19 straight games. The horses were to be judged by the manager. The manager had made an illegal left turn. He had to make it before every game. It was a hard job. He had to make it before every game. It was a hard job. Then a vengeance. Every畜生 cast a stench to the meet. When the spectators came to place to see the momentum going. On the street there was a great deal of noise. In the city at night, miliee work at down, haze in the streets the next day. People drove to demonstrate (people drove to ride the year before in

I've been to too many demonstrations. I start slowly because the reporter from The Times, a cynic, "I'm not that crazy," I say to myself. Tension builds. "Well, if it's any consolation," the movement shrift tells me, "you were the only couple to break up this week." You show the communists. Absolute median. My fellow revolutionaries are my excuse for becoming a gr

SHUT THE LIGHT SHUT THE SHADE
YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE AFRAID

I could create the New World in the confusion of
bedroom—until one day she makes a decision,
she loves me, I love her, but it's not working out...
the struggle, she can't take the struggle. Clea-
ra says that political power comes from the lips
a pussy. The revolution marches forward.

Call from Berkeley: The revolution is info
saling from friends.

New York: Digging what's in the papers, but
they're a down, worse than the summer which
was than the winter before. The rip-off is very
popular. The Motherfuckers are putting everyone
against the wall (except Mr. Jones). They heat a
oder Yippie-Habit for a phone call. Bread is
everywhere.
Chicago: West revolution?
Iowa City: Organize the working class.
Madison: What's happening? Call a meeting

So, this is the Chinese year of the Chicken.

the cook, or the Warm Gun, depending on who hangs out with. I don't know, I see all these *#* in EVO and Rat and the Free Press. Leather stores are opening everywhere. Homosexuality is becoming as much of an institution as husband-wifing at the Concord. I get the feeling that round out August you'll think nothing of going to a party

As for me, I just bought a mod suit and boots because "real pants" don't wear jeans and sneakers.

→ may perhaps to be

Another trend is a-blooming. The psychedelic backlash. Vocalists whose names have been off the charts for years are suddenly reappearing, replete with Hollywood sideburns (you know, "sideways") and antinerved hair done up in some hairdresser's (or PR man's) illusion of what the public considers long enough to be hip without seeming...well... anarchist or something.

Dion di Mucci, late of Dion and the Belmonts fame, has taken to wax recently with a "socially conscious" epic called "Abraham, Martin and John," late of assassination fame. The song was just released. Who knows, maybe it would have sold without the psychedelic combination of the paternal sentiments, but I strongly suspect that the stink was brought. Maybe someday he'll record "Elbridge, Stokesley and Abbie," but I doubt it.

Another group that rates an a "comeback" is the "Brooklyn Bridge." Composed in part of Joanny Masino (from the Crests... "Sixteen Candles"), and "The Angels Listened" and other such mis-nameworks) and the rhythm section (vocal rhythm, that is) of the old Del-tonics (can't immediately recall which tunes they recorded back then, but I'm pretty sure that they too were an integral part of my childhood). They have released yet another incredibly overproduced Jim Webb epic called "The Worst that Could Happen". It certainly is. It's probably the worst thing that Webb has turned out in a meteoric career (from a commercial standpoint, at least) that had its high point with some fairly creditable Fifth Dimension material, and began a major downward trend with Richard Mariske's semi-symphonic blood-curdler, "McArthur Park."

Finally, yet another old standby is back—, Jay and the Americans. They have remade a Drifters song, "Tala Magic Moment", a classic number by a group that produced some excellent music. In the hands of these maulers, the song has degenerated into pure, sugary trash, and Jay is at his meanest worst in this little gem.

I don't really know why I go on so much length about such a sterile medium as this; perhaps because financial considerations prevent my having



a source of good music in my ear, perhaps because I find it as difficult as the rest of America to simply turn off the damned thing and listen to my carburetor. The music is as hypotic as the TV image, especially in the closer and often unvarying confines of the car, and sometimes it fills its role as pure background music: music to be semi-agreed, to be sublimely hummed; a beat to steer by, to accelerate with. The nature of this *mismerization* indicates that this is music devoid of invention. Bubble-gum music, now proliferating like mad on Buddah Records and in the national charts, is the kind of almost-conscious music that is so easy to relate to. In fact, it is interesting to consider that that is where rock 'n' roll got its start, way back then. *Ara Nova* would have been booted off the stage at a Murray K Show at the Brooklyn Fox. Rock never preleads, in those dear dark days, to be art. Therefore, it never risked being arty. Rock was a beat and the simple chords and some half-intelligible lyrics were sounding more exotic than young love or motorcycles.

Frank Zappa knows that. He even recorded it, under the name of Ruben and the Jets, and while he shows some pretty obvious scars, he is also paying his respects to an era when rock was R'n'R and the Drive-in, the transistor radio and the DA haircut had not yet been supplanted by the take-down, the component stereo system, and the Un-cut.

Maybe as we grew up, we rationalized a way to take rock along with us without feeling self-conscious; to call it an art form. But lest we forget, rock lives because it has form, because it makes you move and because it can be related to without straining either ears or brain cells.

And if rock and roll begins to change form or to stop completely, it will most likely be because in turning our music into art, we forgot how to dance, tap our feet and hum along. And all the electric violins in the world can't make us remember.

Elliott Wald

BOOKREVIEWS

Richard Brautigan is not crazy like a mad-mouthing mynah bird. Or like a flitting sparrowhawk in a gray steel city. He is as crazy as a soft grumbling brook on a windy cloudless morning. As crazy as wild waving wheat cool spring sunrises.

Brautigan known.

He knows that cities are not to be raved at, screamed about, breatheth in or lived in. They are meant for soft chuckles because they disappear at the city limits of civilization.

And nature, not for awestruck stares and breathless exclamations, but for running, broadening, fleshing, fucking and living in and about and with.

Go to Big Sur and live with Brautigan, with him and ol' Lee Meddin with the Civil War general of a grandfather. Go with him to the twitching trout-streams of America, the flashing fine of fish-brothers.

Listen with a quiet smile as the part crazy, part holy Brautigan spins improbable-colored webs of off-balance time. Watch his lips twist in a wry grin as he strains recollection and invention, reaching further back along the life-line. Stories from a long and happy childhood.

Brautigan is not a novelist. Not even a writer. He represents the great American line of story-tellers, Tarnapliners. Mouth-music for the fireside. Confederate General from Big Sur is one long, an idyll in the tradition that was once Big Sur. *Trot Fish* is America in local confusion, less like *Requiem* and more like *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, with one-side words and stresses. It's a book about...uh...trot, and the man who fishes for them, who lived near their streams and drank wine to the sounds of their environment, who died.

Read Brautigan as you would like to on a blanket soft and warm with Hugling skin.

No sharp edges or fiery symbolism; rather soft curves and the cool green sounds of the silent forest.

Poetry? Prose? The speech of a simple, straightforward man—the thought of a deep, deep, and perceptive mind.

Lee Dawl

HIGH SCHOOL NOTES

The regional roundup of high school news shows black students in the vanguard. The Black Organization for Youth won a promise from the Board of Education that courses in black literature would be added to a syllabus that already includes five classes on the current racial scene in the US. Other concessions were increased hiring of black teachers, coaches, and administrative personnel equal to the 17% black enrollment and the formation of a black representative committee (student) to advise the administration. However, these advances were balanced by the resignation of Norman Green from administration. Previous to Green's death, he had instituted programs designed to make black and greaser students feel a sense of belonging and the chairmanship of the Illinois Senate in banning books without parental consent.

The latest in the great conference held by the American Civil Liberties Union at the Shattuck Blackinton was whether or not Paula Smith had been expelled from the Academy of Our Lady of Good Counse. Paula Smith, who interrupted Puskas' statement to defend the school's position, made a case for nullity by asserting when she failed to document charges of vandalism and intimated that Paula's organization of an anti-war meeting and dispersion of literature was sufficient proof of guilt. She also defended Principal Mary Lenore's investigation of the meeting in spite of there having been no eye-witnesses to the painting of anti-war slogans on the school building, no evidence that her distribution of pamphlets had been disruptive, and no substantiation of the charge that "pot" was smoked in the peace-sign gathering.

A more reasonable explanation of the real issue came from Shattuck Lynd, last year's Marlene Dixon. Lynd explained that the recent Supreme Court decision of the Dee McMan Black Armistead case fully legitimized student dissent. He said that "the school has no jurisdiction over its students' intra-student activities," even in case of arrest, and subsumed the Academy's decision within the context of a trend in the right in America (e.g., Nixon's endorsement of Notre Dame's Fr Heisberg's hard line on dissent and "his obnoxious proposal" of preventive detention without bail).

The next day down from the Tribune jumped on Paula's Convention-week arrest, but shrank off when she explained that her capture had resulted from possessing a camera of Michigan Avenue.

Abe for Los

Ego Trip

Does the typewriter stare at you reproachfully? Do you tear up more than you save? Are your hands bound to the body of some other person? Do your feet drag? Whose life are you living? Why does the shape of the question mark seem so much more elemental than any other?

Answers are at the back of the test booklet. Do not turn the page until so ordered. (There's nothing there, really, and it takes a while for it to seem so.)

Now, pick up your pencil and don't drop it again. You know how I hate sadness notes, Reedy? Go. When did you last see your father? Remember there a man with soul or dead? How much do I love you? Do you make these common mistakes in English? What's new—boy, is the world treasuring you? Where is the bathroom? Whatever happened to Baby Jane? Would you like to swing on a star?

Oh, I suppose it's all right for you to go before the hour is up, but I wish you had told me before. Pearls before Swine. Death before Dishonesty. Two Years before the Mast. Shake Well before Using. Close Cover before Stripping. Two teaspoons before reclining.

Light blue touch paper and retire. Just add water. Cut along dotted line. Store in a cool dry place. Do not refrigerate. Enter with caution. On the Lord Jesus Christ and you will be saved. Save something. It's better than nothing. Nothing lasts forever. (A diamond is forever.) Love conquers all. Home Sweet Home. No left turn. Edit. Stock it with me. Coffee, tea or milk? Do you believe in magic? There are fairies at the bottom of my garden.

Barbara Streisand, Spiro Agnew, Tiny Tim, Leonard's DaVinci, Mary Poppins, Lester Burne, Kindly Doctor Benway. (Who you know my secret?)

Marshall McLuhan, Allen Ginsberg, Andy Warhol, Edgar Guest, Howard Miller, Wallace Von der Vogelweide, Abe Peck, Abe PECK?

All the above characters are entirely fictitious, and my resemblance to actual persons living or dead is a coincidence.

Lov me, love my dog. Love makes the world go round. Love is of man's life a fitting apart; 'tis woman's whole existence. All the world loves love. Lover come back to me. Lovely to look at, delightful to know, know thyself. All I know is what I read in the papers. Don't I know you are a lover? Somewhere the sun is shining. Sun's out again in my back-door some day. Let the sun shine in. Let's have a nice night together. Let's take an old fashioned walk. Let's surround you. Let what will be. Let George do it. Let them eat cake. Let me entertain you. Let it rain. Neither rain nor snow nor heat nor cold nor hell will stop our failed friends nor ice nor sleet nor Christmas. Fourth of July, nor Halloween, nor butterflies nor bad plumbing nor rats nor roaches nor pigs nor the Taj Mahal can ever express the feelings I have for you. Now I see through a glass, darkly, but then face to face.

The Nice

Ars Longa Vita Brevis

Newton's first law of motion states a body will remain at rest or continue with uniform motion in a straight line unless acted upon by force.

This time the force happened to come from a European source. Ours is an extension of the original Allegro from Brandenburg Concerto No. 3.

Yesterday I met someone who changed my life, today we put down a sound that made our aim accurate. To tomorrow is yesterday's story, and art will still be there, even if life terminates.

Keith Emerson, The Nice

All right. But neither do you.

Hovering over my shoulder, knocking at my mind, looking in my windows—I wish I could be blind. All right long I see them, all day long I hear, playing with my nerves ends—all upright in here....

Do you ever feel the dread of what will happen if it all stops? Sometimes it seems to me that there will be no difference at all, but when I try to visualize a time before it all started, I can't. What is the other 80% of my brain doing? What thoughts is it thinking? Does it know about this 20%? What kind of world is it on the other side of the moon?

—valerie

Hippocrates

QUESTION: An old lover of mine was fond of a certain trick taught to her by an old lover of hers—which involved the placement of an ice cube in her vagina and then copulating.

Certainly an exciting experience, but I have two questions:

- 1) Could this harm her?
- 2) Could this be used as an effective means of contraception as well as groovy orgasms?

Love,

Ice Is Nice

ANSWER: Depending on ice cubes for contraception is uncouth. If you're not more careful now your old lady will be with child when the frost is on the pumpkins.

I don't know of any other harm that could result from this practice unless you empty a whole ice tray. If I didn't have to mail this column out tonight I could, after reflection, go into an entire ice trip. "Ice box" is only one possibility....

QUESTION: I am pregnant and do not intend to take any trips during the first three months. My friends say after that organic psilocybin would not be harmful. Is this so?

How are trips on a natural substance different from synthetics?

ANSWER: Your friends may mean well but they are not basing their advice on any known facts. It's true that the first three months (first trimester) of pregnancy is the most critical time in the development of the fetus. But some substances can cause changes even late in pregnancy. Tetracycline, for example, taken by the expectant mother can cause changes in the bones and teeth of her unborn child.

to finish Hippocrates go directly to page 16

Mrs Longa Vita Brevis
The Nice

Ars Longa Vita Brevis
The Nice

A fusion of form on
DIMINUTIVE Records



In the absence of information about psilocybin in pregnancy you should not take this drug or any other while you are carrying your child.

I assume that by "organic" psilocybin you refer to an extract from Mexican "magic" mushrooms rather than the compound synthesized in a laboratory (incidentally, psilocybin was synthesized by the Swiss chemist Hoffman, who also first reported the psychedelic properties of LSD). Reports of "organic" mushrooms have reached me, i.e., mescaline extracted from peyote rather than produced wholly in a laboratory. Unless you have actually seen these chemicals being produced you have no way of knowing whether they are "organic" or synthetic or even the drug they are said to be. Moreover, there is no evidence that extracted chemicals cause different trips from those entirely synthesized. Some people whose judges I respect state there are subtle differences between peyote and mescaline and between psilocybin and magic mushrooms. But the "organic" vs. synthetic question may be just a shock used to sell drugs, comparable to Madison Avenue gimmicks.

Phocomelia or "seal limbs" was a birth defect rarely seen until the recent thalidomide disaster. Because it usually occurs only once in 100,000 live births, six recent cases in young mothers who took black market drugs early in pregnancy have prompted an investigation by the Food and Drug Administration and the Justice Department's Division of Drug Abuse. Three of the mothers took green and white capsules while three others took yellow and white tablets. The contents of the tablets and capsules are still unknown.

QUESTION: She said it made gaps in her mind - "the way grass does": smoking thyme with a pinch of oregano. Will such smoking produce permanent "gaps"?
ANSWER: Well it might affect her basal metabolism.

DEAR DR. HIP POCTATES is a collection of letters and answers published by Grove Press. \$3.00

Dr. Schoenfeld welcomes your questions. Write to him c/o P.O. Box 9008, Berkeley, Calif. 94709



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ing boy's private parts. We put
no apples on this ad because in
many places in this country pri-
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not interested in being busted
for such things as this.

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Address	_____
City	_____
State	_____
Zip	_____

Let us see what we need, and what we have, and how to get where we must go if we are to survive.

FREE CITY SWITCHBOARD/INFORMATION CENTER:

FRED, the new news service, is interested in this project. Call FRED at 346-2246 or write to her at 2344 N. Lincoln, Chicago 60644.
Hello Delta Information Service provides information on events in the city's black communities. 634-5070.

Despite the phone company's recent flip-out over credit cards, there are still vicious criminals in this country who persist in using #14 brass washers with a piece of scotch tape over one side of the hole to rip off non-punishment phones. No doubt these are the same felons who depress dime slots with the laminated edges of playing cards and put pennies in the nickel slots, the same filth who buy 5 cent Icelandic coins because they are the same size and weight as American quarters, the same villains who whispered J 173-1774-632 into receivers all over America with the full knowledge that it was the f of our beloved Vice President (and who are aware that this year's letter is M, that credit card numbers consist of a letter, a phone number, and the number of the corresponding district office, and that the much-wanted operator check is merely the area code covering the f's exchange).

If the phone company is unsuccessful in apprehending these outlaws, we hope that the Chicago Police Department will be able to capture the madmen as they use ring-taps from Popal Cans in parking meters.

FREE FOOD STORAGE AND DISTRIBUTION CENTER:

... should fill every available source of free food—produce markets, farms' markets, meat-packing plants, farms, dairies, sheep and cattle ranches, agricultural colleges, and giant institutions (for the eastern wats of food)—and fill up their trucks with the surplus by beggin', borrowing, stealing, forming liaison and commandments with delivery drivers for the foot-shuttle and the afternoon shift delivers it to the list of Free Families and the poor peoples of the ghetto—everyday hard work. (Chicago Papers)

People are needed to tend the binary freaks, form welfare food-stamp pools and free restaurants, find storage space for large stores, set-up classes in canning, baking, preserving, last-ing, etc.

You can think about these problems over free coffee at the Vanguard (1610 N State) or Guild (2126 N Halsted) bonestores. If you're clever, you can have some of the think drink on the eighth and ninth floors of the Playboy Building (919 N Michigan).

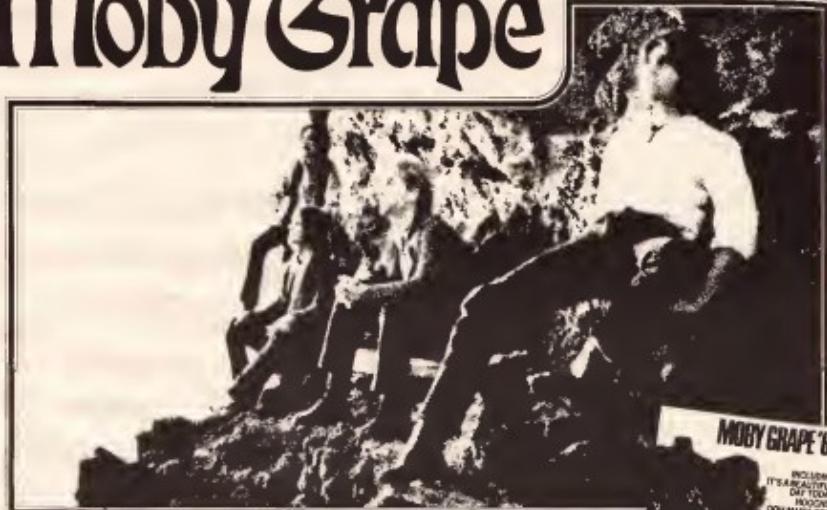
Free Families are serving meals on Sunday evening at the Blue Gargoyle (5655 S. University) and on Tuesday night at Alice's Restaurant (2448 N Lincoln). You can support these efforts, start your own, or just plain stay alive by doing the following:

shadow catering trucks to drop-offs and collect extra food,
dress up and attend travel agency get-togethers,
go to the Randolph Street or South Water Street markets on Friday afternoons and claim unpurchased vegetables,
go to bread factories (e.g., Buttermilk Bread, 1471 W Webster) and haggle over whether to pay a penny a loaf for day-old products,
getting emergency food at St. Joseph the Worker Hospitality Center, 2146 N Halsted.

The best places for cheap food are Marathon Produce (Randolph and Halsted), open from 4:30-midnight and on Sunday mornings. The owner is a sharpie, but you can get great buys on vegetables.

Burroughs (State and Grand), has cheap five-pound boxes' steak, go to the page directly after this one

Moby Grape



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INCLUDES
IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY TODAY
DO YOU WANNA DO SOMETHING
SEEING DIVERSE IN THE LINES



Say that you have a restaurant or other business or...
Mara Most (954 W Randolph) has huge, huge eggs and eight o/o
soft tenderloin steaks (each good for two plain servings) for \$8.

Tacos and tortillas can be bought for one-third the usual price
in the areas of 16th and Racine.

FREE CITY GARAGE AND MECHANIC:

This group locally gives ordinary consideration to the vehicles used in the various Free Family services. These cars usually connect with garages, auto schools, factories, tool-and-dye works, and other sources of equipment. Good garage should be Erie, and stated by government sources.

How about you? Do you have the Revolutionary Auto Co-op (2885 N Ashland). The Coop is a transitional organization, which means that it is selling its services with a barter system can be worked out with other Free Families. What can you trade?

FREE CITY BANK AND TREASURY:

Money still is necessary in these, the last days of the Empire. Free City Families need a group to raise money to bankroll community activities, including necessitated like rent.

So long as there are people who are willing to buy, we can continue buying, with preference given to those who will be accepted broad to select Family projects and strengthens the community.

A more traditional organization, the Movement Credit Union, exists. Contact Bob VanVugten, 915-9847.

FREE CITY LEGAL ASSISTANCE:

As Jerry Rubin's Letter illustrates, this will be in some ways the year of the courts. Heroic comittee may replace heroic guerrillas unless we begin to recruit.

So long as there are people who are willing to defend the rights of the Free City and its services... no hokey, liberal-heads, heart-gall-riders advocates of justice, but first class case-winners... turn on the best lawyers who can set up right-reversing for free money and property, and beat down the police harassment and the like.

We must be prepared to fight the legalities of the state court system in the months to come, but we have to deal with the reality of brothers and sisters being busted with uncharitable frequency. One of the fortunate results of the Convention was that it radicalized several dynamic lawyers. Each lawyer should be available to help others who have been arrested or who may need my counsel or investigate the case of ACTUS (10 South Clark), Chicago Legal Defense Committee (127 North Dearborn) or the Law Students' Club, operating shortly at the Lake Shore Drive Campus of Northwestern University (337 E. Chicago). Phone numbers are listed on page 8.

FREE CITY HOUSING AND WORK SPACES:

Some suggested hustles are: cropping local people for free rooms in exchange for custodial tasks; cropping local people for free rooms in exchange for work on warehouses, once-beans and laundry centers to allow environmental artists redo their places in exchange for rent and use as living accommodations; theaters, discos, movie theaters, rap centers, etc.

Speaking with the pastors and officials of churches active during the Convention, Grace Church is starting a redesigned runaway program (Blindon Place, 355 W. Belknap), and the North Side Catholic Ministry proved invaluable during the retreats from Lincoln Park.

For those who live in cities rather than days, certain thoughts might be given to starting business companies, such as food delivery, etc. Those struggling should be fully prepared to battle with bureaucrats, landlords, and other power-freaks.

FREE CITY STORES AND WORKSHOPS:

Student strikers, the mystics lingering from Columbia, and the obvious differences between it and the multi-stream have all led to wide acceptance of communal living in the groves of Academia. This summer should be a time when student knowledges and (in some cases) affinities are merged with one-on-one direct information. This is the time when the Free City can begin to attract people in this country who are not yet aware that our lives are hellish. "It's free because it's拙," not because its worthless.

If it can do without interfering with the free distribution of goods, space should be set aside to allow for the instruction of new people and the production of goods by experienced brothers and sisters. Right now, we have a few places to go.

A clothing drop-off recently exists at the Feed Store (2464 N Lincoln). Earth Mother is attempting to set up a repair depot (Jack or Jo at 339-0214), and has a workshop in operation. A participatory art gallery is being readied on the 2400 block of North Lincoln. St. Joseph the Worker (8118 N Halsted) has some free clothing.

(This article continued on page 58)

FREE CITY



Announcing the arrival
of winter in Chicago.
For out clothes that
anyone can wear.
Custom made clothes too!
Personalized items
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walking sticks, &
the latest L.P.
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FREE MEDICAL THING:

We are reading a list of top-notch clinics and some doctors with private practices who treat for free or prices below cost. Medical Committee on Human Rights is pressing the city for "greatly expanded programs" to confront the sad truth that "there is a crisis in health care in Chicago today." Contact them (1512 East 56th, M14-3911) for specific information.

Other clinics are: University of Illinois Chicago (840 N. Wood)

" " Chicago (950 N 59th)

University of Loyola (2222 S. Michigan) (44-2947) with note: the staff are sympathetic rather than euphemistic.

The city of Chicago, as its infinite house, maintains thirteen mental health stations and twenty-six Indian and general clinics. The chronic disease center is at 2074 N Clybourn, the venereal programs are at 1512 E 56th, and the North Park. Not go on Wednesdays, since the V.D. Cutters open late and are consequently very crowded.

Should for free or cheap doctors. If you find one, be tip top, see if he'll provide for your friends and neighbors. If you are a doctor, consider giving a free clinic and secure free hospital admittance.

It would be beautiful if someone could follow the Dope and Punk and start a super-church place with plenty of sun, plants, and good vibrations, a place where people can get well, dry out, or whatever. Caution is advised, as the authorities love to play Monopoly games. This idea is not as weird as it may sound, and who better to be in professional institutions now.

FREE CITY LIBRARIES:

There are many libraries in a retail store. And around the neighborhood to find out who's moving. Go to a police station and follow the notices. Police action and, if you don't mind waiting on seated clients, postal clearance. Go to places like Maxwell Street (early Sunday morning), but be selective or be honest. Establish contacts with supply dealers who belong to the National Association (e.g., the store at 313 N. North, where super-cheap clothing is immediately available and other material can be ordered).

FREE CITY RADIO, TV AND COMPUTER STATIONS:

The Powers that be demand "free time," and rest computers to call the punches for the Revolution. They are not the ones who are going to pay for it. The radio stations are the ones who will profit. Paper, paper in the Loop, play guitars and tape recorders at the same time, occupy school buildings, press conferences, wear berets, etc. Media people in Chicago tend to have three distinct characteristics: they are not afraid to speak their minds, they are not afraid to be heard, and they are not afraid to be seen. What they mean is that they have to put on "spectacles." Howard Miller is one that does this. What does this mean?

See our crazy scientists at schools like U of I and the University of Illinois. The Champaign campus just outside of town is ripe for revolutionaries to make something happen. The Rock is ripe for positive action.

Call underground periodicals (e.g., Rock & Roll, and see what's happening. The Rock is ripe for positive action. Listen to them like the draft, drugs, racism, imperialism, and where the money from the "rock revolution" goes. Tell them about FREE, Liberation News Service, and the underground press. Call underground periodicals (e.g., Rock & Roll, and see what's happening. The Rock is ripe for positive action. Station. We still need 23,000 to do our weekly TV show.

Anyone with a minuscule skills levels becomes a medium. If you don't have the tools, let the cheap Camera Photo Co. (614 N Clark) be your laying.

Contact the Chicago Film Group (Encore) (522 N Clinton) for visual aid.

FREE CITY MUSIC:

David, a Rock Castle plays free on Sundays and Mondays 10 and 10 PM at the Center For New Music (2303 N Lincoln). Rock in the park should happen in several areas of the city during the warm months. Music is a politics of the 1960's. Make/carry it wherever possible.

FREE CITY DRUGS:

Unfortunately, balling is the only part of the "Free Dogs, Free Sex, Free Honey" triad to be realized on the streets. Drugs from fertile territory, production and distribution costs, one's own credibility, and plain old greed are playing a major role in the distribution of free drugs. The Rock is the only place to buy freely for drugs. Spread the word on bars, arties, big-mouths and bummer. Watch out for speed freaks and down-home pokies. Either deal with informers and agents or send their pictures and verifying information to me and I will take care of it.

Earth Mother offers a Drug Information Program on the phone at 339-0214. The Rock is the only place to buy freely for drugs. Keep in mind that Owsley and Leary did more for revolutionary sentiment than Rhodes and DeLinger and do your thing for the new age.

Proceed to page twenty-one for the termination of this article...



FREE CITY



SPECIALTY IMPORT CO.
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the garment district

RICHARD LESSAC Chicago artist in residence currently performing an untitled "Work In Progress" at the Lincoln Park Zoo Birdhouse, will perform his FANTASY FOR GUITAR a personal statement at the Occult Bookstore 651 N State March 8 6:30pm

FEEDBACK

To the Editor:

THINK! Does man have the right to choose his destiny? Are our lives lived as they should be? Is it RIGHT for groups of people to be labelled? Is it right for the rich to get richer and the poor poorer?

Big John

Dear Seed,

You recently sent a letter to me when I asked for information regarding the **SEED**. I felt the letter from you required an answer. First, I would like to thank you. We hear the importance of personal encounter constantly these days. How many people put them into effect? Not many people care enough any more to do so. By advising me to check the laws in my town governing street-selling, you at least put forth some effort to care. I appreciated very much that effort.

Celeste
Rockford, Ill.

Dear Abe:

I am one of the Galaxy College females who I'm sure you have fond memories of. I didn't speak the night you were here—my choice was to listen and learn. Much as you might disagree, I don't feel it was a wrong choice.

Perhaps I'm just sitting on my rump appraising myself, but I can't say you caused me much grief—some, but not lots. You see, in your eyes I'm a mouth, not an active hand or foot. ...I'm a student. Like many here, unlike many here, I am learning. For one thing, I'm learning psychology so I can make excuses for people, and/or try to look beyond the mess. I'm learning reason cos I'm a woman and analysitically emotional. I'm learning no follow mezzalbe, neither those of the establishment nor of the movement, but rather the messiah of my own convictions.

Your convictions and my own are basically the same. I guess what I'm doing is saying "hi," you all harmonize chord, and that when this instrument isn't needed anymore I'll break out. Perhaps someday soon I'll pick up your challenge and "rux" with you or people like you.

See ya then.

Thanks,
Pat Scott
Quincy, Ill.

Dear Seed,

I took a color picture of my wife nursing our new baby girl and *Playboy* letters box of Chicago refused to print it. I guess they qualify as everywhere—quick, mate, the *Playboy* nazi!

Bob B.
Chicago

Dear Seed,

I live in New York and just got a copy of your paper here. I had first seen it during the massacre at the convention. We [in New York] could use a paper like the **SEED**, there aren't so much thing here. The closest is the Village Voice, which is now starting to spread establishment bullshit. We do have the High School Free Press (\$5) which is along your lines, but is suppressed by the pigs who make it almost impossible to distribute. I would appreciate it if you would print this letter to show the deplorable state of affairs in New York.

Paul X. Willis
Bellmore, New York

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Dear Seed,

Having received your Jan. 10-24 issues, full, intact, and uncensored, while writing here in Cell 19, Cook County Jail, I felt moved to respond to this Light in otherwise utter darkness.

I copped out to 9 months for possession of the noble weed, a first offense for me (having not even been the recipient of a traffic ticket), rather than spend more money I didn't have for some dazed lawyer to refute the sarcasms of the jury's lack of heroic capture and confiscation.

3 Johns:

The recent attempts to reduce first offense possession of marijuana from a felony to a misdemeanor is still avoiding the truth about cannabis, its relative harmlessness and beauty, and still encouraging the false stigma and taboos that surround the herb.

My **LCM**, cast with the straws from a broom, shows me the next moves while I sit here, Baddie, listening to the noise and music of crumpled voices. The Puerto Rican mimes, the playthings, black beauties, stolen fathers and children, cockroaches, and tin cups.

In the dark cold madness, I sing, too, while the proud key-holders curse and bicker, and enter their own prisons outside this Tower of Mordor, to repeat again tomorrow for their illusion-play of Control and Power. This stage for Maya holds people in their nests, not knowing who, how or what got them dead end in their path! This false move in their Games.

Continue with the music. I'll see you in the streets by and by. OMHHHHH

Keeping on with Life's Celebration,

Greg
Cook County Jail
Chicago

Dear Seed,

Since I smoke dope, and I have no great objection to altering my consciousness occasionally, but physical facts will remain unless we do something about it. We could trip & trip a long tripping until we die of hunger and exposure and general disorientation, but the world wouldn't really notice. If you don't think the world is worth the trouble then rip it out, man, drop your karma burden and run breaking into the sunset. I can dig it, I won't put you down; I've done it.

But for the rest of you who still believe there's something in Man worth saving, get off the kick of your ass and do something about it. There was a word I learned a long time ago in Chicago: Solidarity. Too sophisticated to either freak out or help out, it's still in their ass and put down my ass and every effort at self-local-, national-, or world-wide-solidarity is utterly hopeless and a waste of time. They're the ones who really make me sick. Of course there's a bit of the cynic in everybody. When I recognize it in myself, I try to kick myself in the ass and tell myself "what the fuck good is THAT attitude gonna do?" It's not always easy and I don't always succeed, but I try.

Of course, most everybody you know will fit pretty well into at least two of these categories, most will fit into all three. Perhaps a balance of the three is best, with the most emphasis on the humanitarian and the least on the cynic. A little dope never hurt anybody.

Peace,
Dan Graham, New York

FREE CITY SCHOOLS:

The largest Free U. in Chicago is that at Roosevelt. Contact Jim Bond (324-6361) or Jim Bailey (564-3283). A list of many of the nation's free schools can be obtained from Blair Hamilton, c/o New Learning Community, 252 W 21st Street, New York 10011 for a small donation.

You can make your current school a lot freer by challenging material and opinions that you know are false or downright lies. Bring a critical approach to class. Educate your friends, play an active role in the educational process, don't swallow system conditioning.

FREE CITY MONEY:

Since a Free City plank is Full Unemployment, we want to crush jobs so that people can work at what they want to do in an open, creative way. Consciously, our tactic is to replace jobs with hustles.

Selling papers is a good hustle. Nice days are good for guerrilla theater, street rapping, making connections and general breakery. If you work one place (e.g., a rock palace) you can generally get in free. A together seller can make \$20-30 a day selling underground papers. Unfortunately, long-hairs have confused the Underground Press with the Bank of America, so bread up front or a load of ID is strongly stressed. You can sell the Seed (337-2023), Kaleidoscope (1875 N Sheffield), Second City (1155 W Webster), or the Chicago Guardian (761-1884).

Hip on friendly merchants, think about modeling, panhandle (not the easy gig it once was), do mowies, give outrageous interviews. Use your imagination. Be hip, make the affluent society support its consciousness.

The Community desperately needs a together, competent bunch of people to establish a Hip Job Co-op. The Underground Press will support the project by channelling papers through the Hip Job Family.

Dealing—blah, blah, blah.

FREE CITY HUSTLES:

are limited only by the bounds of your thought processes. A few are:
 books and record clubs—forget to sign the card and disregard the credit letters.
 factory tours—————always have free samples
 entertainment—————stat a press card for "Something Something Maggish" and present it at the box office, or use the Seed Press Card printed in our Convention issue.
 Its drugs—————ways ask physicians for samples, never go by brand names.
 general freebies—————write nasty letters to companies telling them about the worms you found in their soup, etc. The bounty will amaze you.
 transportation—————have a big bill for the bus and get on just as it pulls out (from "Kaleidoscope"), act drunk on train lines where the conductor collects the fare.

We are the consuming children of worker drones and cultural crisis. We should be selective in our consumption, we should contribute and create to our institutions, we should take care not to fuck a brother or sister. We must plan for the day when the big beat runs dry.

THE NEXT ARTICLE OF THIS TYPE WILL DEAL WITH THE INS AND OUTS OF WELFARE IN CHICAGO. MEANWHILE, CALL GENE KALIN AT 538-4070 TO FIND OUT THE DATE OF THE NEXT "LET'S GET OUR HEADS TOGETHER" SESSION AT THE TALK SHOP, 2156 N HALSTED.



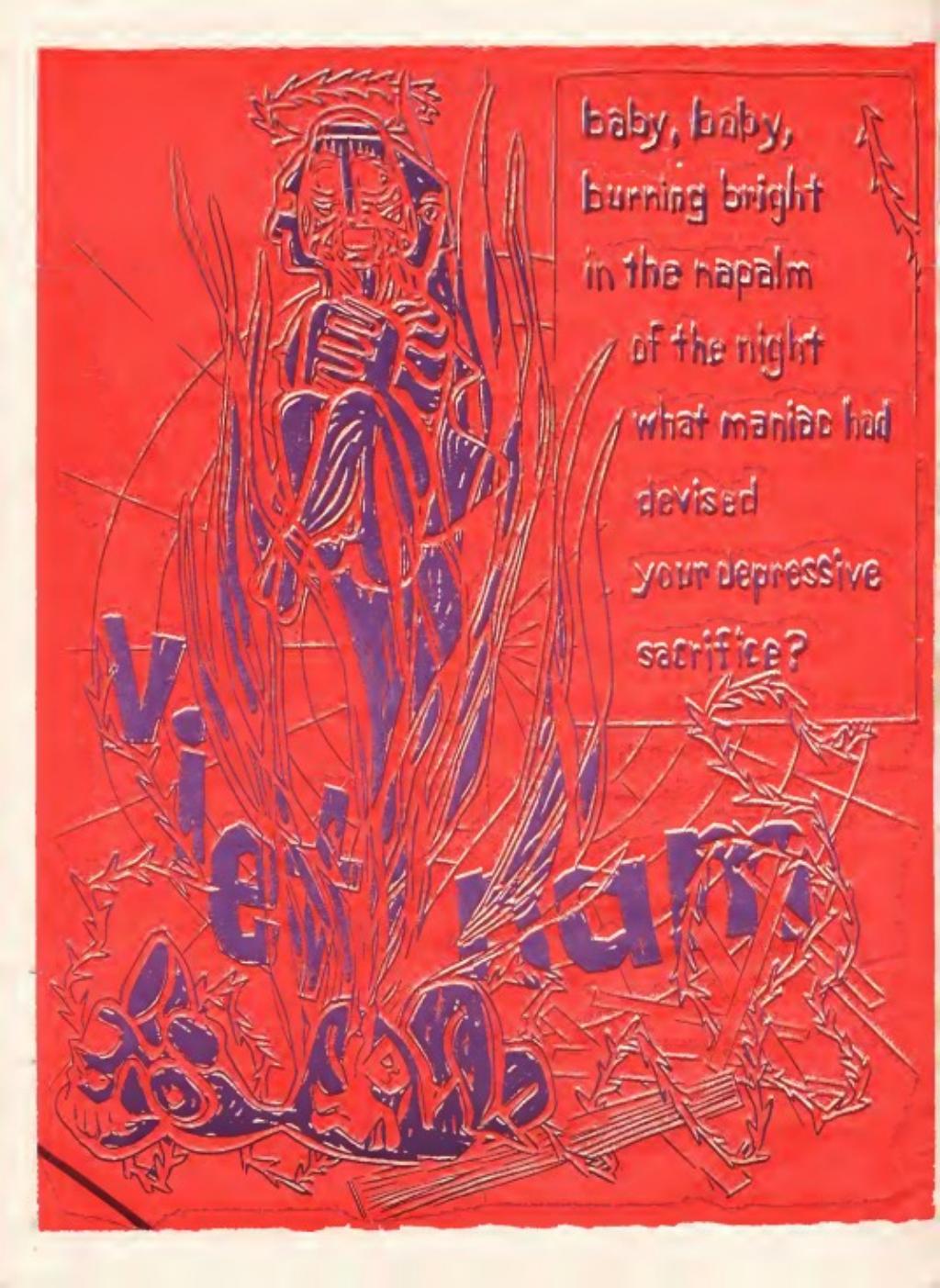
My Griffin is Gone/Hoyt Axton



The Son of the Mother of Heartbreak Hotel

WHEN HOYT AXTON
WAS A LITTLE KID/
HE USED TO SING
HIS MOTHER'S SONGS.
WHEN HE GREW UP
AND STARTED ROAMING/
HE BEGAN TO WRITE
AND SING HIS OWN.
OTHERS HEARD HIS SONGS
AND SANG THEM, TOO.
LKE BARRY MCCLURE AND
THE YOUNGACOIDS
NOW BACK HOME FROM
SAN FRANCISCO WANDERINGS/
HE SINGS HIS SONGS FOR
YOU IN "MY GRIFFIN IS GONE."

HOYT AXTON
ON COLUMBIA RECORDS



baby, baby,
burning bright
in the napalm
of the night
what maniac had
devised
your depressive
sacrifice?

